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FOR THE
LITTLE ONES

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FOR THE
LITTLE ONES




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**SONGS AND STORIES
FOR THE LITTLE ONES**



Ever so long ago, you know,
There were dragons and
dwarfs; & fine, magic rings
Which brought you all
Manner of wonderful things

SONGS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

BY
E. GORDON BROWNE

MELODIES CHOSEN AND ARRANGED

BY
EVA BROWNE

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Preface

IN the far-off days of Long Ago, when Language was still in its youth, and such things as primers and textbooks had not even been heard or dreamt of, our forefathers (that is, of course, fathers, mothers, and children as well) used to meet on certain days of the year for their sacred festivals.

These meetings were held in the open air, and the greater part of the ceremony consisted of song and dance. The song came first, for song is as old as language itself. All nations, however rude and uncivilized, have songs of their own.

As the worshippers sang, they beat time with their feet by dancing to and fro to a regular measure.

Thus, three arts, poetry, music and dancing, were practised at one and the same time.

As years passed by, civilization and Christianity brought many changes ; sacred festivals were held in churches, and the old songs and dances altered in character, though people did not love them any the less.

The Minstrel with his harp sang in the hall the great deeds of the heroes ; of Beowulf and how he slew the monster Grendel ; of the battles of the warrior kings ; of many famous deeds which have since then been written down in books for all who care to read.

This was the Story. Those who listened could picture to themselves the scenes of which the Minstrel sang, and sometimes they used to pretend or make-believe that they themselves were the people in the story.

They acted—as children and even “grown-ups” love to do—and out of this, in time, came the Play. There was then little difference between the Story and the Play.

The players acted not the whole story—for that was naturally impossible—but those portions of it which were suitable for dramatic representation.

Drama, Dance, Song, Music and Story, these are the heritage of Youth, handed on from generation to generation.

The child needs to make use of all these to gain his full development ; he lives in a world of his own, where everything is “as it ought to be.” “Let’s pretend” is only another way of saying “Let us act this as *we* like to do it.”

The child can generally be trusted to seize upon the dramatic moments of a story or song, and to act them over again in its own way. The glorious art of "make-believe" does away with the need for all but the simplest of dresses and scenery; no fairy godmother's aid is required to turn the pumpkin into Cinderella's coach.

In the stories and songs in this little book there is, it may be hoped, some material for "make-believe." Often the whole story as it stands cannot be reproduced upon the mimic stage, but there is generally some incident or other which the child will use in its own way, expanding it or not according to its own fancy.

The choice of such incidents may, as a rule, be safely left to the youthful actors.

The accompaniments to the songs "Aero-aero-aeroplane" (page 60), "To Let" (page 100), and "Father rode from Market" (page 128), are included by kind permission of Herr G. F. Peters, publishers, Leipzig, owners of the copyright. They are chosen from *Ausländischer Liederschatz*, ed. Lange.

E. G. B.

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EVER SO LONG AGO

*Ever so long ago, you know,
When Old King Cole was England's King,
The fairies danced in their magic ring.
The witches on broomsticks used to fly,
There were giants whose heads reached to the sky,
And beanstalks which grew in a single night,
Ah ! that, to be sure, was a wonderful sight.
But then, of course, as you very well know,
This happened, oh ever so long ago !*

*Ever so long ago, you know,
There were dragons and dwarfs ; and fine, magic rings
Which brought you all manner of wonderful things.
Rich carpets which carried you safe through the air ;
You wished where to go and they travelled straight there.
Now, to-day, in the Land where your dreams all come true,
The very same things may still happen to you.*

The Dream Pedlar

THE pedlar came to the door of the house where the three children lived, and opened his pack to show them what wonderful things he had to sell. The three children were called Tommy, Alice and Willy, and they each had a threepenny piece to spend. You can buy all sorts of things from a pedlar for threepence ; thimbles and knives, ribbons and bootlaces ; indeed all the things which you always want and never have just at the moment when you want them most.

The pedlar was a brown-faced man, with a crooked nose. At first you thought you didn't like him, and then when he smiled—such a funny smile, all crooked and twisted like his nose—you couldn't help laughing ; and after that you just *loved* him. He spoke in a very soft, velvety voice, and made you wish to buy everything he had.

“ What will you buy, my pretty ones ? ” he said. “ Here is everything you want, and nothing you don't want ; lace, jewellery, combs for fair

maidens ; soldiers, ships, horses for good boys ; everything for threepence and not a penny more ! ”

Tommy, Alice and Willy looked at his wares twice and three times. First they wanted one thing, and then they wanted another, and then again they wanted something else. “ Have you got anything more ? ” asked Tommy. “ Yes, my young master,” replied the pedlar, “ I have everything. Ask for what you want and you shall have it.”

“ Oh ! ” said Alice, “ is it like a wishing game ? Can we have anything, *really* anything we want ? ”

“ To be sure, my dear,” said the pedlar. “ Well, I had a dream last night . . . ” began Alice.

“ A dream ? ” smiled the pedlar, “ why, I have a pack full of dreams. Give me your threepence and you shall have a dream.”

“ Give *me* one ! give *me* one ! ” cried the three children all together. The pedlar drew a little, round glass ball out of his pack and gave it to Alice. “ This will give you one dream each ; hold it in the palm of your hand ; turn it round three times and then look straight into the fire. Whatever dream you wish for will come at once.”

He pocketed their threepences ; smiled a more crooked smile than ever, and in a moment was

gone. Where had he gone to? I'm sure I don't know.

.

The children were sitting round the fire after tea. The lamp had not yet been lit, so the room was half in darkness. At last Tommy said, "I wonder" "What do you wonder?" asked Alice. "Do you think he was making fun of us? I never heard of anyone buying a dream for threepence before," replied Tommy. "You can have most dreams for nothing, but I expect these are *quite* different," said Alice; "you shall have first turn as you are the oldest. Here's the glass ball!"

Tommy took it in his hand; then, after thinking for a moment, turned it round three times and looked straight into the glowing red fire.

.

It was a wonderful castle! It stood high up on a hill with a beautiful forest of sweet-smelling pine trees all round three sides of it. A long, white road, twisting and curling through the valley, led right up to the gates, which were made of pure gold. Just think how brightly they glittered in the blazing sunshine! It almost made one's eyes water to look at them.

On either side of the gates was a soldier on

horseback, who blew a blast on a silver trumpet every time they opened to let anyone in or out of the castle. A prince and princess in a grand carriage, drawn by ten snow-white horses, came galloping along the road and through the castle gates.

“I must go inside,” thought Tommy; and no sooner had he said this than the soldiers blew on their trumpets, and in a moment the gates flew open without a sound. The courtyard where he stood was paved in marble of many wonderful colours; a pillar of clear water rose from a fountain and splashed into a large stone basin in which goldfish were lazily swimming, and the air was full of the sweet song of birds.

The castle with its hundred gold-roofed towers stood high above him, and a long flight of steps led up to its doors. Up and up went Tommy until he reached the top; through the doors—and he was really inside at last! He found himself in a hall, very broad, and so long that he could not see the end of it; and upon either side were high doors made of curious woods, with pictures and figures carved all over them.

Not a soul was to be seen, and Tommy stood still, looking around him and thinking what he should do next. “I wonder what is behind those

doors ? ” he said to himself ; “ there are so many of them that it would take me a week to look at everything.”

He went nearer and looked at the picture on the first door, then at the second, and then at the third. What could be inside ? Every time he nearly made up his mind to open a door and peep inside the room, he thought he would try the next instead.

Behind one door he thought he could hear the most wonderful music, which made him feel that he wanted to sing aloud for joy ; behind another he heard the voices of children who were laughing and playing. He very much wanted to go in there, but he felt somehow that he must go to just *one* more door first.

At last, after a long time, he came to a door where he smelt a delightful smell of all the most delicious things to eat that you can possibly imagine. “ Ah, this is the best room of all ! ” he cried. He turned the handle, and——

.

“ What was your dream about ? ” asked Alice ; “ it must have been perfectly lovely, for you kept on smiling and laughing and clapping your hands ; then just as we were getting quite excited ourselves you woke up.”

Tommy rubbed his eyes. "Well, I've been inside a wonderful castle," he began. "Oh!" said the other two children, "how splendid! Do tell us all about it!"

So Tommy told them all the wonders he had seen, and how he had nearly got into the room with all the delicious things to eat, but was just too late in making up his mind.

"What a shame!" said Willy; "now we shan't ever know what was there." "All the things you like best, I'm sure," said Alice, "and lots of things we've never even tasted. Things are always like that in dreams. If you hadn't been so slow you would have got right inside the room. I shall try not to waste time in *my* dream. It's my turn now." She took the glass ball, turned it round three times and looked into the fire.

.

The sky was full of little fleecy clouds racing swiftly along; the waves were tumbling and tossing, and the sailing ships, like great white-winged birds, were flying over the water before the breeze.

Alice stood on the sea-shore waiting and waiting. "Why am I here?" she thought, "what *am* I waiting for? Oh, of course, my ship will be here

soon, I expect. I wonder if it will be long ? ” She ran quickly across the sand to the stone jetty, where quite a large crowd of people were standing and looking out to sea. A sailor with a telescope to his eye was patiently watching, and Alice wished ever so much that he would let her have a peep through it.

Presently he exclaimed, “ Here she comes at last. You’ll all see her in a minute ! ” And sure enough, before long, a beautiful ship, with her white sails filled, came cutting her way bravely through the waves. Her decks were crowded with people, and gay flags were flying from her masts.

“ My ship’s come home ! My ship’s come home ! ” cried Alice in delight. “ Oh, I do hope all the things I wished for are on board ! ” Nearer and nearer came the great ship. Suddenly she turned, her sails flapping in the wind ; then, gliding into the smooth water of the harbour, her anchor was let down and her sails furled.

“ Come along, Missie,” said the sailor, turning to Alice. “ I’ll take you on board. The captain wants to see you, I know.” “ What fun ! ” said Alice, “ but how do *you* know that ? ” The sailor, without answering, helped her to get into a small boat, pushed off from the shore, and rowed

quickly towards the ship. Alice could scarcely sit still ; she was so eager to see what was on board.

The little boat soon reached the side of the ship, and the sailor, still without a word, helped her to climb a little ladder of steps which hung down the side almost into the water. " How do you do, Miss Alice," said the captain, a pleasant, brown-faced man, coming to meet her. Was it her fancy, or did he look rather like the pedlar who had sold them the glass ball ? He certainly had quite a crooked smile.

" Oh, how do you do, Mr Captain," said Alice. " I am so glad my ship's come home at last." " To be sure ! to be sure ! " smiled the captain, " come down into my cabin, Miss Alice, and I'll tell you all about the voyage." " Oh, please tell me first, have you brought all the things I asked for ? " said Alice eagerly.

" Of course ; of course ; your ship's come home. Here she is, laden with presents for your dear father and mother, bless 'em, not forgetting Master Tommy, Master Willy, and yourself. Come along."

He led the way and Alice followed him. " This is not a bit like a dream," she said to herself, " he really has brought something for us all.

Won't they be pleased at home ? ” and she danced gaily along the smooth deck after him. Down some steps, round a corner, and there they were in the captain's cabin ! It was a funny little room, with round glass windows looking through the side of the ship.

“ Sit down, sit down ! ” said the captain.

“ But where are the presents, Mr Captain ? ” asked Alice impatiently. “ In a minute, in a minute,” said the captain, smiling his queer smile again ; then he pulled a large wooden box from under the table. “ Now, here is the key ; you can open it yourself, Miss Alice,” he said. Alice snatched the key from his hand, fitted it carefully into the lock, turned it, and pushed the lid open. “ Now,” she cried, “ here they are—— ! ”

“ Well ? ” said Tommy. “ Well ? ” said Willy. “ Oh dear,” said Alice, “ I could cry, I really could ! ” and she stamped her foot quite hard ; but it was no good, for the ship, the captain, and the presents were all gone !

“ What did you see in your dream ? ” asked Tommy.

“ I saw my ship come home,” replied Alice. “ You know, whenever we want anything *very* badly, mother always says, ‘ Wait until my ship

comes home and then you shall have it.' It did come home, and there was something for us all on board." She told them all that had happened, and of course both Tommy and Willy said it was a pity that she hadn't opened the box a little more quickly.

It couldn't be helped, however ; things happen so funnily in dreams, and, at any rate, Willy still had his turn. He took the ball in his hand, and both Alice and Tommy told him to be very, very careful, and he promised he would. He turned it round three times and looked into the fire.

.

What could that strange-looking animal be ? It had a very large body and legs and a curly trunk, which it was waving gently up and down in the air. " Why, it's an elephant ! a real elephant ! " cried Willy. " I've seen one once in the menagerie. What a pity I haven't got any buns to feed it with. I should like to ride on its back. "

The elephant came slowly towards Willy, put out its trunk, and all of a sudden, before he knew where he was, it had lifted him on to its back. " Hurrah ! " cried Willy, " now we're off ! " and he sat up straight on the elephant's back and looked around him.

They were in an immense forest ; on every side there was nothing to be seen but giant trees, which towered high above them and shut out nearly all the sunlight. Beautiful flowers, such as Willy had never seen before, all colours and shapes, grew everywhere, and strange birds—were they parrots?—whistled and chattered in the branches above his head. “ There’s a monkey—and another ! There are hundreds of them ! ” and sure enough, there they were, hanging by their tails from the branches, jumping from tree to tree and playing hide and seek with one another.

“ What fun ! ” thought Willy, “ gee up, Mr Elephant. Oh, I hope we shall see some lions and tigers ; I expect there are plenty round here.”

The elephant marched steadily along, deeper and deeper into the forest where the trees grew thicker and thicker, and it was so still that you could have heard a pin drop. “ Are there any cocoa-nuts, I wonder ? ” Willy had scarcely said this when the elephant handed him a large, milky nut with its trunk. It tasted more delicious than any he had ever eaten before.

On and on they went, until suddenly they came to a part of the forest where the trees were not so thick, and found themselves on the banks of a great river. The elephant lifted Willy down

from his back, and in a moment was out of sight amongst the trees. "This is an adventure!" said Willy. "I'm all alone in the jungle."

What was that he saw lying by the river bank? A canoe, to be sure! Willy got in and paddled down the river, just as if he had been used to sitting in canoes every day of his life. He didn't feel a bit afraid, and only wondered what was going to happen next. An ugly, black log came floating down the stream. As it passed by the canoe, a cruel-looking mouth with rows of horrid teeth opened and shut again with a snap! It was a crocodile!

"Alice never liked to look at the pictures of crocodiles in my book," thought Willy. "How she would have screamed if she had seen that," and he paddled faster than ever. It began to grow dark, and now and again he could hear an angry roar from the distant river bank.

"That must be a lion. I expect there are tigers and giraffes and snakes, too, in that forest," and he went on paddling. Round a bend in the river the canoe swept, and there, lo and behold, was a crowd of canoes full of Red Indians, dressed in feathers, with painted faces and—yes, they had tomahawks in their hands! What an adventure!

Before Willy had time to think, the Indians

had dragged him from his canoe and were rowing swiftly away with him. After what seemed to be a long time they reached the river bank, and lifting Willy out of the canoe carried him back again into the forest. For some time it was too dark to see anything, but at last twinkling lights appeared amongst the trees—and there they were in the Indian camp !

“ I suppose those are the wigwams I’ve seen in my picture book,” thought Willy, looking at the funny little tents made of skin, out of which little savage children came running to look at the “ pale-face ” their fathers had taken prisoner. The Indians pushed Willy roughly towards a large pole standing upright in the ground, and bound his arms and legs so tightly to it that he could not move an inch however hard he tried.

Then they began to dance round him in a ring, making queer noises and waving their tomahawks round and round their heads. “ I believe they’re very angry,” thought Willy, trying to be brave. “ I do hope they won’t hurt me.” He shut his eyes for a moment so as not to see their cruel faces. . . .

.

“ I’m glad I woke up,” he said, “ it was a grand dream until I met the Red Indians, but I never

saw a lion after all. Perhaps if I had it would have eaten me up—but could a dream lion eat one up?” Tommy did not know, and Alice said, “I expect you would have woken up just as it had got your head in its mouth. Anyway it doesn’t matter. We’ve each had a dream now.”

“I wish I’d had five minutes more in the castle,” said Tommy. “Well, you didn’t,” replied Alice, “in another minute I would have found those presents.” Willy sat silent, thinking about the wonderful elephant ride and the horrid Red Indians.

Mother heard all about it when she came in, but shook her head when they asked her if she thought the pedlar would come back again one day. “I don’t think so,” she said, “perhaps, you know, he was only a dream pedlar after all.” Would you believe it, they found their threepenny pieces safe in their pockets the very next moment! Wasn’t that queer? And they couldn’t find the little glass ball anywhere, which was queerer still.

“Now we shall *never* know how our dreams ended,” said Tommy. “I expect,” said mother, smiling, “you will have to imagine the end of your dreams now. Try and finish the stories for yourselves.” “It’s a kind of make-believe,

you mean ? ” asked Alice. “ Yes, that’s it, just make-believe,” cried Tommy, “ I shall find ever so many things in my castle now ! ”

So they sat round the fire, and Tommy went back to his dream castle, Alice to her ship, and Willy to the jungle. What did they find there ? . . . Now it is *your* turn for make-believe !

When my Ship comes Home

My dream ship goes a - sail - ing When'er I fall a -

The first system of the musical score for 'When my Ship comes Home'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'My dream ship goes a - sail - ing When'er I fall a -' are written below the treble staff.

sleep . . It sails across the o . . . cean So great, so wide, so

The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'sleep . . It sails across the o . . . cean So great, so wide, so' are written below the treble staff.

deep, And o'er the storm - y bil - - lows Whose crests are crowned with

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'deep, And o'er the storm - y bil - - lows Whose crests are crowned with' are written below the treble staff.

foam, . . It rides along tri - umphant, My ship is coming home.

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody concludes in the treble staff, and the accompaniment concludes in the bass staff. The lyrics 'foam, . . It rides along tri - umphant, My ship is coming home.' are written below the treble staff.

When my Ship comes Home

Air: "A ship, a ship a-sailing"

MY dream ship goes a-sailing
 Whene'er I fall asleep,
It sails across the ocean,
 So great, so wide, so deep.
And o'er the stormy billows
 Whose crests are crowned with
 foam,
It rides along triumphant ;
 My ship is coming home !

Such presents in the cabin,
 Such presents in the hold,
Such sacks and sacks of jewels,
 Such chests of bright red gold !
A bicycle, a doll's house ;
 For mother something too,
Dresses both silk and satin,
 Of every tint and hue.

And from the dreamland jungle
 We've monkeys by the score,
And parrots which can chatter,
 A hundred kinds or more.
An elephant with curly trunk
 And humming birds so gay,
With cocoanuts enough for you
 To eat one every day.

When my own ship comes into port,
Oh, won't that just be fine !
We'll walk into my castle
And all sit down and dine,
With footmen all in velvet,
And trumpeters to blow
A tune upon their trumpets ;
Just like a Lord Mayor's show !

The Dragon on Wheels

I

ONCE upon a time, our country was full of strange wild beasts ; and the fiercest and most dreadful of all these beasts was the dragon.

These dragons used to wander all over the countryside in search of food. As they had very good appetites they ate very large meals ; in fact, one dragon could eat as much for a single meal as five hundred hungry children could eat on Christmas Day.

If one of them met a nice, plump child out for a walk, how its eyes shone with delight !—and before one could count three, “ Snap ! ” the poor little child had disappeared inside the dragon. Then the wicked beast would lick its lips and purr like a great army of cats, which is terrible even to think of.

What did a dragon look like ? It is hard to say. If you had seen one basking in the sun with its scales glittering and flashing more brightly than all the colours of a rainbow, you would have

cried, "Oh, how beautiful!" But if you had seen a dragon when it was in a bad temper, when its scales were all black and dull, and its eyes were a muddy yellow colour, you would certainly have exclaimed, "I have never seen anything so ugly in my whole life."

At night, its eyes used to shine like two giant lamps; and its roar could be heard for miles and miles. Little children in bed used to hide their heads under the clothes when they heard it, and shiver and shake with fright—and no wonder! By and by there were so many dragons that all the cows and sheep were eaten up, and because the dragons were always hungry, they began to devour men, women, and children. Oh dear!

It was no use trying to fight a dragon; for as soon as you came at all near, it opened its mouth, which was as large as a railway tunnel, and had rows of long sharp teeth as sharp as the sharpest knives, and then—if you didn't run away *very* quickly—a long, curly tongue of fire came shooting out, and in a moment you were all burnt up—every bit of you—to ashes. So there was an end of you!

And Father and Mother said, "Dear me! The dragon has got our Tommy after all. Now, children, mind you come home quickly after school is over, or else the dragon will catch *you* too!"

II

One fine day, the people in a certain town woke up and found that a dragon had come to live in a cave on the side of a hill near by. It was a very hungry dragon, and used to keep them all awake at night, roaring and lashing its tail against the walls of the cave.

In a few days' time all the grass was burnt up for miles around, so fierce was the fire of the dragon's breath; and it grew more and more angry because there was nothing left to eat.

What could the poor people do? They lost their appetites and grew quite pale and thin; for every day the dragon came nearer and nearer to the gates of the town, and though these were made of iron and always kept tight locked, one smack of a dragon's tail would have knocked them down as flat as a pancake.

The archers shot arrows at it, but its skin was so hard and tough that they could do it no harm, while its roaring grew louder and louder, and the smoke of its fiery breath made every one cough and choke.

"We *must* give it something to eat," they said, "but what have we left? It won't eat bread, besides we want that for ourselves."

Then they sent to ask the Wise Man of the town, who was very old indeed, and as wise as he was old, to help them. After thinking about it for several days, he sent them an answer. "You must first catch your dragon, and then kill it." This sounded very clever; but, of course, no one *could* catch the dragon, and if it had been caught no one knew how to kill it.

So they sent a second time, and the Wise Man thought and thought until his poor old head ached. Then, at last, he said, "There is only *one* thing to be done. You must give the dragon plenty to eat. It will be quite tame and quiet when it has had some dinner."—This shows that Wise Men are sometimes no wiser than the rest of us.

III

After a few days the dragon grew so fierce that it used to come out of its cave right up to the town walls and roar until even the tower of the church shook, and the ground trembled. The townspeople saw that unless something was done quickly there would soon be no town left.

They called every one together in the market-place, where the Mayor spoke to them, and told them how in other towns the people had given

the dragon a young and beautiful maiden every day to eat. But the people did not like to hear of this, and many of them cried out, "Let the Mayor go first! Let the Mayor go first!"

Now the Mayor was a very fat man, and would have made a very choice morsel for a dragon, but the mere thought of being eaten up, fur robes and all, made him feel quite shaky and frightened. "No, no!" he cried, "I did not mean to say that *we* should send any of our beautiful young maidens to be eaten up by the dragon! Surely you would not like your Mayor to be eaten? What would you all do without a Mayor?"

The people answered, "Tell us what to do. What shall we do?" Suddenly the Mayor thought of something quite splendid. "Send for Saint George," he cried, "*he* will rid us of this dragon."

Now Saint George was a great and famous knight, who had already fought and killed very many dragons; in fact, he was as busy as could be just at that time, for wherever there was a dragon people sent for him to come and help them.

A messenger was sent at once out by the back gate to go and look for the champion of England,

who had been heard of not far off ; and meanwhile, whenever the dragon came too near, they poured boiling lead on its back, but this did not seem to hurt it very much.

IV

In two days' time the messenger returned. " He's coming ! he's coming ! " he cried. " He'll be here in a few minutes."

Every one rushed to the walls, and very soon, afar off, could be seen Saint George riding towards the town as fast as his horse could carry him.

He wore shining armour, as bright as polished silver ; from his helmet flowed a long, snow-white plume, and the red cross on his shield showed that this was the real Saint George, for no other but he wore this cross. How they cheered as he rode past the city walls, smiling and waving his hand in greeting to them. The dragon must have heard the noise, for he remained in his cave and never roared once—not even softly.

The champion dismounted to give his poor horse time to recover from the ride, polished up his shield, and swung his great two-handed sword round and round his head until it whistled shrill and clear.

You can easily picture to yourselves how pleased all the townspeople—and especially the Mayor—felt when they saw what a great champion had come to their aid.

Saint George was not only a great fighter ; he was so kind and gentle that every one loved him dearly ; even those who had only heard of him and never seen him. He had rescued any number of children from the cruel jaws of dragons ; and so all the boys and girls peeped over the walls to watch him and clapped their hands for joy.

You may be sure that every boy in England made up his mind to grow up as quickly as possible and become a champion too ; and most little girls would have been ready to meet a dragon in a lonely place if Saint George had been round the corner, ready to rush in and rescue them.

Well, Saint George, after a refreshing drink of cool water, mounted his horse and rode slowly up the hill towards the cave. Still the dragon made no sound, but out of the pitch black darkness of the cave there gleamed a bright, red light, which flickered and flickered and changed to green, and then back again to red.

By and by Saint George stopped near the cave ; but the dragon must have known who he was,

for it never showed the smallest bit of itself, not even the tip of its ugly black nose. Perhaps, after all, there wasn't going to be a fight? Saint George knew all about dragons, however, and sat quite still on his horse, waiting for what seemed quite a long time to those who were watching on the walls.

V

Soon they could hear a rumbling, grumbling noise, just as if a great many heavy carts were rolling down the street; that was the dragon beginning to boil, and when it boiled over, like the kettle on the fire, it was always ready for a fight!

Little by little the rumbling and grumbling grew into a roar; a large, white cloud of steam came hissing out of the mouth of the cave and hid Saint George from sight. Then there was a flash of light, brighter than lightning—and lo and behold, the dragon was out of the cave, and Saint George had turned his horse's head and was galloping as hard as he could to attack it!

But the dragon was much too clever to come within reach of his sword, and really it was wonderful to see how quickly it turned and turned again every time when Saint George thought that he

had caught it up. If the dragon had not been very hungry and extremely cross it might never have fought at all, and then there would have been no story to tell.

It began to run more and more slowly as it grew tired, and at last Saint George caught the tip of its tail with the point of his sword and chipped a shiny scale off. The dragon leapt into the air, wriggled and writhed with pain, spurted fire out of its mouth and steam from its nostrils, but Saint George showed no sign of fear, though it was enough to make the boldest of us want to run away.

VI

Now the fight began in real earnest, and for a long, long time nothing at all could be seen from the town walls, for a thick cloud of steam and dust hung over the whole country-side. When at last this cleared away the anxious watchers saw that Saint George was now on foot, and that he had wounded the dragon, which was fiercer than ever.

Try as it would, however, it could not escape the glittering sword, which whirled through the air again and again and cut through the thick scales down its back. It gnashed its teeth in

rage, and tried, in vain, to fell Saint George with a blow from its mighty tail; but each time, "whizz!" down came the great sword and bit through another scale.

Now the dragon seemed to be growing weaker and weaker, and at last it rolled over on to its side and lay quite still, with only a thin, curly cloud of smoke coming from its nostrils. The townspeople cheered as loudly as they could when they saw this, and cried, "Long live Saint George!" But Saint George did not move from where he stood, and for a long time nothing happened.

Then, all of a sudden, the dragon, which every one had imagined was quite dead, sprang high into the air and jumped down right on to the spot where Saint George was standing. But he knew all about the tricks dragons play, and jumped as quickly on to one side; then "whizz" went his sword and "flop!" off came the dragon's head, so it was really dead this time and no mistake.

VII

The gates of the town flew open, and men, women and children rushed out, cheering, to greet their champion. They saw now for the first time what a monster the dragon was. Its body was as long as a street and nearly as broad. Ten

strong men could with difficulty drag its ugly head along to the town gates, where it was stuck up as a warning to other dragons to keep away, if they did not want their heads chopped off.

They led Saint George back in triumph to the town, and the Mayor thanked him in a very fine speech, which nobody heard because of the noise of shouting and cheering. All the girls scattered flowers in his path, and a dozen proud little boys marched behind him carrying his great sword, which was red with the blood of the dragon.

A great feast was prepared in his honour from everything that was left to eat in the town. Saint George, however, could only stay for a short time to rest after his great battle, for there was another dragon not very far off which had eaten up quite a number of people, and he was obliged to hurry away and chop its head off before it did any more mischief.

So he mounted his steed and rode slowly through the gates just as the sun was setting. Down the long road he went, his armour shining blood red in the rays of the sun and his long plume waving in the wind. And that was the last they ever saw of him, for there were so many dragons to kill that he never had time to come back again.

VIII

Many hundred years afterwards (but long before you were born), when there were no more dragons, there lived in a very quiet country place a father and mother who had one little boy, called John. John loved to hear stories; and his mother always told him one just before he went to bed every night.

His favourite story was "St. George and the Dragon," and father used to go behind the sofa and roar like the dragon, so that it was almost as good as the real thing. John would sometimes play at being Saint George, and how difficult it was then to kill the dragon, for it used to run round the room on all fours and roar and *roar* until it nearly frightened the neighbours out of their wits!

Then John used to go to bed and dream that he was quite grown up, and that on his birthday he had been given a suit of shining armour and a long, sharp sword. In his dreams he used to kill fierce dragons half a mile long, with red and green eyes, and then ride home again to tell father and mother all about it.

Of course, there were no dragons, really; not even a brown bear was left in the country for

him to kill. They all lived in the "once upon a time," and now were only to be found in dreams and stories. John still hoped, however, to find a dragon, even if it was only quite a small one.

By and by, when he was old enough to wear a fine new sailor suit, he went to pay a visit to his aunt, who lived some way off near a town. As it was still half an hour before bed-time, she allowed him to go and play by himself in the garden.

John walked down all the paths, smelt all the flowers, and talked to the old gardener. At last he came to the end of the garden, where there was a thick, high hedge. It was much too high for him to look over the top; so, because he very much wanted to see what was on the other side, he peeped through. Down below, some distance off to his right, was a great, round hole, like a huge, black mouth wide open.

"What can that be?" thought John; "it is big enough to be a dragon's cave." Suddenly, to his surprise, he saw a large, red eye open and shut just outside the cave, and then, soon after, a green eye opened wide and stared at him.

Then, far off, as it seemed, inside the cave, he heard a rumbling and grumbling, which grew louder, louder, louder! "The dragon! The

dragon is coming ! ” cried little John. He tried to run away, but he was much too frightened to move, and could only stare at the green eye.

All at once the earth shook ; with a mighty roar and a burst of steam and sparks the dragon burst from the cave mouth, and in a flash it had passed beneath the hedge ! Then the green eye shut and the red eye opened again.

IX

“ How lucky ! ” thought John, “ it didn’t see me, after all. If I hadn’t been behind the hedge I should have been swallowed up. Why, I have *really* seen a dragon now, and father always said that there weren’t any. I must go and tell Aunt Mary.”

So off he ran and burst into the drawing-room, where his aunt was sitting, and told her all that he had seen. “ Well, my dear,” said his aunt, who was very kind but did not know any good stories, and never, never told any. “ Well, my dear, so you have seen a dragon ? Run and tell Jane to give you a piece of cake, and then you can sit quiet for a little. I’m sure you’ve been out in the sun long enough.”

That was all *she* ever said about the dragon, but, of course, she was quite grown up and had

most likely forgotten all that her parents had told her about them. John's father was very delighted to hear of the great adventure, and was quite certain it must have been a dragon which had been hiding in the cave for years and years and was so frightened of John that it had run away from him. And this seemed to be true, when you come to think of it.

One day, when John was a little older and was almost into trouser suits on Sundays, he heard his dragon again, and saw it flying along in the distance. It had a long tail, and showers of sparks and a cloud of smoke flew out of its mouth. His father only laughed when John told him about it, but his mother said, "What a shame to tease him so. John shall hear all about his dragon this evening."

So, instead of the story of Saint George, John heard all about another George who was not a Saint, and had actually first made this dragon which he had seen.

X

In the old, old days, if you wanted to go and see your aunt or your uncle or your friends you had to walk ; or else, if it was too far to walk, father put you up behind him on his horse. This

was a very jolly way of travelling, and it is a great pity that so few fathers have horses nowadays. Sometimes you rode in a waggon, and, later on, people used to travel in a coach with four horses, and a man stood at the back of the coach blowing merrily on a long, brass horn to let every one know that you were coming with letters and parcels for them. This was called the "mail" coach.

About this time George was born. We do not know if his mother ever told him about dragons, but very likely she did. For, one day, George found out a way to make a machine which ran on wheels along shining rails, dragging carriages full of people behind it. This was the steam engine, which most of us have seen, and it travels faster than the fastest coach or horse. It looks very like a dragon, especially at night, for sparks come out of its funnel, which is a chimney, and it has lights in front of it which look like two eyes.

So what John had seen was a railway train coming out of a tunnel, which is a hole bored through a hill in order that the train may pass through. What were the red and green eyes? Not dragon's eyes at all, but lights to show that a train was coming. Whenever you see a red light keep out of the way, for the train will not be far off.

XI

On the next Christmas Eve John hung up his stocking at the foot of the bed. It was not a very large stocking, quite a small one indeed, and John was very puzzled about one thing. He had asked for a small bicycle to ride on, and how could Santa Claus, clever as we all know him to be, squeeze a bicycle inside it?

He went to sleep, and dreamt that Saint George came to his bed-side and said, "It's all right, John; you shall have a dragon on wheels, which is even better than a bicycle, isn't it?" Lo and behold, when he woke in the early morning, there was a very large brown paper parcel hanging at the end of the bed!

"A dragon on wheels!" cried John, tumbling out of bed. You can almost guess what it was without my telling you. A railway train with an engine which you wound up like a clock, and then it ran along little rails all by itself. There were signal lights too, both green and red; a little railway station, a tunnel and a bridge.

Father thought it quite splendid of Saint George—or was it, after all, the other George—to have told Santa Claus and helped him to think of such a capital present. The train ran every day all

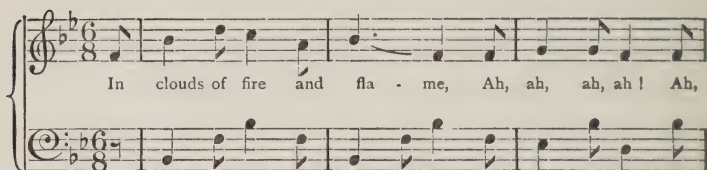
along the floor, under the sofa and out again without tiring; and father and John were so busy that mother had to call three times that tea was ready before they heard her. After all, tea and cakes are not half such good fun as a railway; and John told father that he was not going to school at all, as he wanted to grow up quickly and be an engine-driver.

Father laughed, and mother said, "Come and kiss me, my little Saint George."

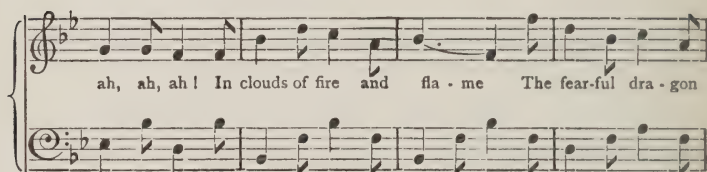
Saint George and the Dragon

Saint George and the Dragon

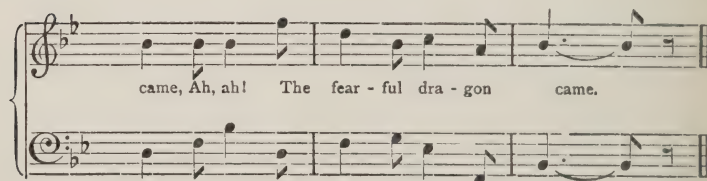
Air: "La Bergère"



In clouds of fire and fla - me, Ah, ah, ah, ah ! Ah,



ah, ah, ah ! In clouds of fire and fla - me The fear-ful dra - gon



came, Ah, ah ! The fear - ful dra - gon came.

I

(Mysteriously)

IN clouds of fire and flame,
Ah, ah, ah, ah !

Ah, ah, ah, ah !

In clouds of fire and flame

The fearful dragon came,

Ah, ah !

The fearful dragon came.

II

(*Mysteriously*) Its eyes shone green and red
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Its eyes shone green and red
And burnt you up quite dead.
Oh, oh !
And burnt you up quite dead.

III

(*Boldly*) Saint George went forth to fight
With " whack, whack, whack ! "
And " smack, smack, smack ! "
Saint George went forth to fight
And soon put it to flight
" Whack, whack ! "
And soon put it to flight.

IV

(*Quickly*) The dragon ran away,
Hurray, hurray,
Far away, hurray !
The dragon ran away
It was afraid to stay
To stay
It was afraid to stay.

V

Saint George rode very fast
Trit, trot ; trit, trot,
Trit, trot ; trit, trot !
Saint George rode very fast
He caught it up at last,
Trit, trot,
He caught it up at last.

VI

Quick then his sword he drew
One, two ; one, two,
One, two and two,
Quick then his sword he drew
And cut it through and through
In two
He cut the dragon through.

VII

Then he chopped off its head
Snick, snack, snick, snack
Snick, snack, snick, snack !
Then he chopped off its head,
And cried " the dragon's dead ! "
Snick, snack.
He cried " the dragon's dead ! "

The Man-Bird

ONE day the birds had a party. It was not a tea-party or a dance, for birds do not like the same things as children. They all perched on the branches of the trees and feasted on bird fare—worms, grubs and tit-bits of all kinds—and from time to time a bird sang a song or told a story.

It was very still and quiet in the wood ; all the children were in school, so there was nothing to disturb the party. The Robin, who had his best red waistcoat on, ate much more than was good for him, and kept the young birds in order when they made too much noise.

“ Now, Mr Owl,” he chirped, “ it’s your turn. You can’t sing, I know, so tell us a story—not a dull one, please ! ” The Owl yawned and half-opened his eyes, for he was very sleepy. “ Who—who—who spoke to me ? ” he asked. “ I did,” said the Robin, puffing out his waistcoat. “ I did ; don’t you know you are at a party. Wake up and do as you are told ! ”

The Owl blinked lazily. “ A story ”—here

he went asleep again for a minute, and then woke up suddenly. "A story? Why should I tell you a story?" "Because you are a wise bird, so I am told," said the Robin; "if you don't know any stories you can't be *very* wise."

The Owl thought for several minutes with his eyes shut; then he said rather angrily, "Well, I can't go to sleep if you make so much noise; I shall have to tell you a story, I suppose. Have you ever heard of the Man-Bird?"

The birds all burst out laughing; that is to say, they chirped and twittered, which is their way of laughing. "The Man-Bird? How funny! Why, man goes about on two legs, and his little ones often crawl about on four legs. Fancy man flying! You must have dreamt about it!" For several minutes they rocked about on the branches of the trees, and twittered with delight at the thought of great, clumsy man flying through the air and banging his head against the trees. No one but the Owl could ever have thought of anything half so funny as *that*.

As soon as they were silent again the Owl said, "Of course, I know it sounds funny to you, but it is quite true. It was very, very long ago, and perhaps man was quite different then." "Let us hear about the Man-Bird!" they all cried,

for the Owl looked vexed because they had all laughed, and owls do not like to be laughed at by impudent little birds who are not at all wise.

“ Well,” said the Owl solemnly, “ once upon a time, there was a man who was shut up in a tower by a king.” “ Why ? ” said the Robin. “ Never mind,” replied the Owl, “ it’s a long story, and if you are not quiet I shan’t be able to finish it. He was shut up in a tower, and the tower was on an island.” “ What is an island ? ” piped a little sparrow, who was at once put to bed for interrupting the story.

The Owl waited until all was quiet again. “ The man was called Dæ——” then he stopped, for he had gone to sleep again. “ Stupid old thing ! ” said the Thrush, “ pass me another worm ; I can’t stay here doing nothing whilst he is snoring.” So they went on eating until the Owl woke up with a start.

“ His name, as I have just said, was Dædalus.” “ What a queer name,” said the Starling. “ It’s not a queer name for a *man*,” said the Owl ; “ they are queer things, so they have queer names, I suppose. Do be quiet. This man, Dædalus, was clever enough, one day, to get free from this tower. As the sea was all round him he couldn’t get any farther, for the king had commanded that

no one should be taken on board any of the ships.

“He could neither get away by land nor by sea. The only free road was through the air. He could not fly because he was not a bird ; but as he was very clever, indeed the cleverest of all men, he made up his mind to learn to fly.

“So he set to work to make wings for himself and his young son. Let me see ; what was his young son called ? ” “Caw, caw,” said the Rook. “No, no, that was not his name,” said the Owl. “Ic— Icarus. That was it. Another queer name for you.

“He worked hard to make wings, joining small feathers together and then adding larger ones. The large feathers were bound with thread ; the small feathers joined with wax, and the wings were made curved, like those of a bird.

“His little son watched him working, sometimes picking up the feathers which the wind had blown away, sometimes playing with the soft wax which his father was using.

“At last the wings were ready. Dædalus fitted them on, fluttered them gently, and in a moment he was swaying up in the air above his son’s head. ‘Let me fly too, father,’ cried Icarus,

who stood with wide-open eyes looking at this strange sight.

“Dædalus came to earth again, fixed the second pair of wings on to his son, and then taught him to fly just in the same way as you all teach your young ones when you want them to leave the nest.” “Mind you listen to this, dears,” whispered the Linnet to her little ones, “you know how slow you all are in learning to fly.”

“When, at last, all was ready,” continued the Owl, “Dædalus called his son to his side and said, ‘Listen, Icarus, to what I tell you, and take care not to forget it. When I rise into the air, follow me and do always as I do. Do not fly too near the earth or else the damp mist will make your wings too heavy for you to use them. Do not fly too high, for, if you do, the heat of the sun will melt the wax.’ Then he kissed his son and flew off, looking behind him now and again to see if he was following.

“On and on they flew over the blue sea, until, at last, the boy forgot what his father had told him and flew higher and higher up into the air. The heat of the sun melted the wax which held the feathers together and they fell off. In vain he fluttered his arms, and called to his father

to help him ; he fell down, down, down into the sea below.

“ The scattered feathers dancing on the wave-tops showed where he had fallen ; and the sea maidens, weeping bitterly, strewed sea flowers over his dead body. Dædalus called the land near by where his son fell, Icaria, so that every one should remember what had happened there.”

“ Is that all ? ” asked the Robin. “ Yes,” answered the Owl ; “ isn’t it enough ? ” and fell quite fast asleep and snored. “ Humph ! ” said the Stork, who was standing on one leg thinking, “ if that boy had been wise and not foolish, he would have waited until a stork came along to carry him off. No one ever heard of a stork letting a child fall. This is what comes of a ‘ human ’ trying to be clever.”

“ Oh, it’s only the Owl’s fun,” said the Robin ; “ of course, it never *really* happened.” The birds all laughed again, but as the Owl was snoring hard he did not hear them.

Down below in the valley they could hear the happy laughter of the children coming out of school, and the Stork, who was very fond of boys and girls, flew off to perch upon the roof of the school and watch them at play.

Suddenly, far off, they heard a faint noise,

and saw a black speck travelling very quickly towards them through the air. Could it be some strange bird which they had never heard of? Not one of them could tell, but the noise grew louder and louder, and in another minute, with a mighty roar, the strange monster passed like a flash of lightning above their heads and was soon out of sight.

“It had *wings* ; great wings !” said the Robin in a frightened whisper. “It was looking for something to eat,” said the Linnet, who at once took her little ones home to bed and out of harm’s way. “It made me feel quite faint. I must have another worm,” said the Thrush.

All the birds started chattering and wondering what on earth it could have been. The rush of its mighty wings had nearly knocked some of them off their perches, and the roar had nearly deafened them. Perhaps it wasn’t a bird after all ?

Presently the Stork came flying back towards them, and settled down slowly, first on to one leg, and then on to the other. “Did you see it ?” he said. “Yes, yes !” they all cried. “Do *you* know what it is ? Do tell us !” “Well,” replied the Stork, “I *do* know, for I heard what the children were saying about it in the playground.

You'll *never* guess, even if you guess ever so hard. . . . It was a *man* ! ” and he looked round with a smile. Storks are the only birds which can smile ; they learnt it long ago from the little children of whom they are so fond.

“ A man ? Impossible ! ” twittered the birds. “ Yes, a man,” said the Stork. “ Man has learnt to fly at last. He has been trying to fly like us for hundreds of years, and now he can do it. The children called the thing which flies an ‘ aeroplane.’ Man sits on it, and it flies through the air with him. There are very few of them now, but by and by there will be hundreds. All the boys are going to learn to fly when they grow up.”

“ Oh,” said the Robin, “ then we birds will have to give up flying and walk instead. It won't be safe in the air with all these great monsters flying about.”

“ Hoo, hoo ! ” said the Owl opening one eye, “ so you see my story *was* true, after all. Once upon a time man learnt to fly, and now he has learnt again. Well, there won't be much peace or quiet for me soon, I can see. I'd better get all the sleep I can now. Hoo, hoo ! ” He folded his wings, shut his eyes, and snored harder than ever.

Aero-aero-aeroplane

Aero-aero-aeroplane

When I am grown up, I will buy my - self an aer - o - plane, sir. High

up a-bove the clouds I'll fly, as fast as an - y train, sir.

A musical score for the song 'Aer-o-plane'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Aer-o - aer - o - aer-o-plane, aer-o-plane so hand - y!'. The music is in a simple, child-friendly style with a clear melody and a supporting bass line.

When I whiz past in my car, Won't I look a dan - dy?

Aero-aero-aeroplane

Air: "Yankee Doodle"

WHEN I am grown up, I will buy
Myself an aeroplane, sir.
High up above the clouds I'll fly
As fast as any train, sir.

Aero-aero-aeroplane	}	<i>(Repeat after each verse.)</i>
Aeroplane so handy!		
When I whizz past in my car		
Won't I look a dandy?		

To London town I'll quickly speed
And back again for tea, sir,
For supper to the land of France
Across the bright blue sea, sir!

The birds will chatter on the trees,
When they see me go by, sir,
"Oh, did you ever see a man,
With two legs who could fly, sir?"

Then I will soar up to the moon,
So round, so bright and yellow,
Where dwells the Moon Man with his dog,
A very cross, old fellow.

Now past the North Pole snow and ice,
And on—and ever higher
To sunny countries far away
With mountains spouting fire.

Then home again where mother waits,
My aeroplane will dash, sir,
Around the world and back again
As quick as lightning flash, sir.

The Lazy Giant

YES, there is no doubt about it; he was a *very* lazy giant. He used to stand all day long with his back against the trunk of a great oak tree, and yawn so loudly that the people in the village, half a mile away, could hear him.

How he ever came there, no one seemed to know. He never did any harm; he was much too lazy to do anything except eat and sleep. Very likely it may be that he was the last of the giants; but, whoever he was, he never seemed to be able to get enough to eat and drink.

When he was very hungry he used to come down into the village, "tramp, tramp," like a great elephant walking along the road, and then he would shout in a voice like thunder down the chimney of the first cottage he came to, "Give me something to eat. I'M HUNGRY."

When they heard him, everybody rushed out of doors, bringing bread, butter, eggs, cheese, ham, pickles, cabbages, potatoes, and whatever else they could find, and in a twinkling of an eye,

and without taking a single bite (which is a *very* bad thing for anyone to do and also very rude ; so don't you ever do it), the giant would swallow everything.

After eating, he used to drink three or four large buckets full of milk, warm from the cow, all in one gulp ! Then he used to fall fast asleep.

He *never* did any work ; if the woodcutter asked him to help in cutting down trees, or the milkmaid found her pails were too heavy for her to carry alone, or if the swineherd asked him to help look for one of his pigs, the giant always shook his head and replied, " No, no ! Go away, I don't want to work ! "

Then he would yawn ; stretch out his arms and legs like a great letter X and lean idly against the great oak tree. The miller, who lived in the old wind mill close by, was never tired of scolding the giant. " What a great, lazy, good-for-nothing you are, to be sure ! I get up with the sun every morning and work until dark, but *you* do nothing at all. Why don't you help me to carry these sacks of flour ? Come along ! Come along ! "

The giant only yawned again and shook his head, for by this time he was already nearly asleep. The little river which flowed along through the valley below, winding its way slowly

toward the sea, murmured, "Lazy, lazy, lazy." The wind which tossed the tree-tops whistled shrilly, "Wake, wake, wake!"

The sun shone fiercely upon him; the rain fell heavily, "pit, pat; pit, pat; pit, pit, pit, plop!" and wetted him to the skin; the oak tree tried to push him away from its trunk with its branches—but it was all no good; he would *not* work.

Every day he ate more and more, and everybody had to work harder and harder, for they were all poor people and it was not easy to feed both the giant and themselves. "Why *won't* he work?" they said. "Very soon we shall have no bread at all for ourselves, for as he eats more and more we eat less and less."

Every day the miller stood at the door of his mill and watched the great sails going round and round, helping to grind the corn; and there stood the giant, yawning and stretching his great arms and legs. "Look at him!" cried the miller one day, "he looks just like a mill which has stopped working because there is no wind. Fie for shame! He who does not work shall not eat. Do you hear me, lazy giant?" But the giant answered never a word.

One morning the people in the village woke

up and rubbed their eyes in surprise. The giant was gone, and in his place stood a great mill with its sails spread out like a great X.

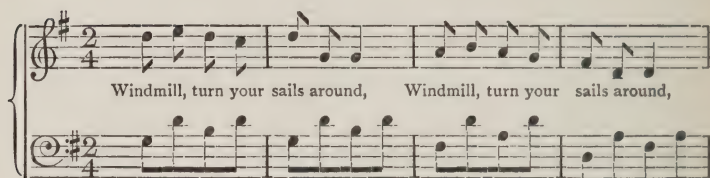
Had the lazy giant been turned into a mill as a punishment? Who knows? You must guess that for yourselves.

By and by the wind woke up and began to blow; the sails of the mill turned slowly, and then fast and faster. The miller laughed merrily, for he had now a fine new mill in place of his own, which had disappeared.

“Bring your corn and have it ground!” he cried. “I can grind for the whole countryside now. Ha, ha! The lazy giant is working at last!” The slow, winding river murmured, “Work, work, work,” as it flowed softly over the stones on its way to the sea.

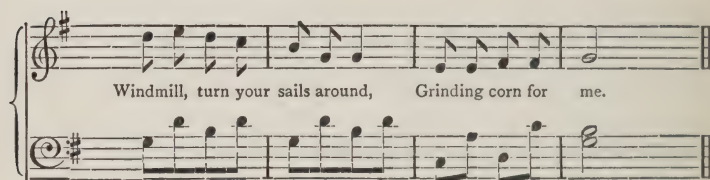
A Song for Tea-time

A Song for Tea-time



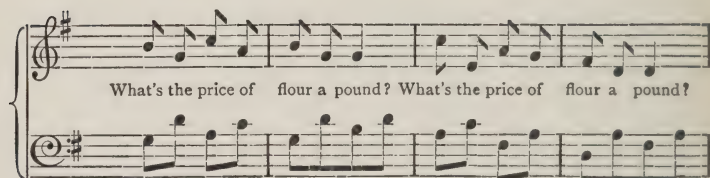
Windmill, turn your sails around, Windmill, turn your sails around,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.



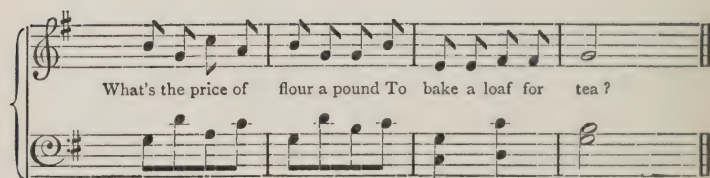
Windmill, turn your sails around, Grinding corn for me.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.



What's the price of flour a pound? What's the price of flour a pound?

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.



What's the price of flour a pound To bake a loaf for tea?

The fourth system concludes the song. The melody in the treble staff ends with a half note, and the bass staff accompaniment ends with a half note and a double bar line.

A Song for Tea-time

Air: "Polly, put the kettle on"

I

WINDMILL, turn your sails around,
Windmill, turn your sails around,
Windmill, turn your sails around
Grinding corn for me.
What's the price of flour a pound ?
What's the price of flour a pound ?
What's the price of flour a pound
To bake a loaf for tea ?

II

Baker, send the flour home soon, }
Send it home to me. } *Repeat as in*
I've a friend this afternoon } *first verse.*
Coming here to tea. }

III

Knead the flour with hand so light
Baking bread for me.
Will you have it brown or white,
Brown or white for tea ?

IV

Make a lovely currant bun,
Currant bun for me ;
Baking is such splendid fun,
Baking buns for tea.

V

Lay the cloth and sweep the floor,
Lay the cloth for tea.
Who's that knocking at the door ?
Someone's come for me.

VI

Well, my dear, how do you do ?
It's just time for tea.
Kettle's boiling, so I'll brew
Tea for you and me.

VII

Pour the tea into the pot,
The pot for you and me.
Here's a cup all fresh and hot,
A cup of fresh, hot tea.

The Lamp and the Star

THE lamp stood at the corner of the street, just in front of the house where little Lucy lived. It had a long, thin body which had been painted a pretty green colour, and it was very proud of its new dress. Every evening the lamplighter used to come with a long pole and light the gas; then how brightly the lamp shone, lighting up all the dark corners of the street!

There were other lamps in the same street, but it seemed as if none of them could shine quite so brightly as this one. When the night was very dark it tried to shine as brightly as daylight; but, of course, it never could.

One night, the sky was very clear, and up above one could see hundreds and hundreds of little stars. The lamp could hear the people, as they passed up and down the street, saying, "What a heavenly night! Do look at those stars! How clear, how bright they are!"

No one said any nice things about the lamp; indeed, they seemed to have forgotten that it

was there. The poor lamp felt very sorrowful. "What is the use of shining when no one will look at me," it thought. "Why cannot I be a star up in the sky instead of a street lamp?"

It forgot all about its beautiful green dress and could think of nothing but the stars up above it in the sky. There was one star which was much brighter than all the others; it shone with such a clear, pure light that the lamp could scarcely bear to gaze at it.

"Just look!" said a father to his children, "just look at that star! What a poor thing this gas lamp is. Up there in the sky the star seems just like a window into heaven." They stood for some time close to the lamp, but never a word did they say about it. Over and over again they exclaimed, "How lovely!" and when at last they went away, the lamp felt that if it had had a heart it must surely break with sorrow.

"I can never be a star," it sighed. "I am only a poor gas lamp, and nobody cares for me or looks at *me*!"

It took no pride in its light now, and only wished and wished that it might become a star, but gas lamps always remain gas lamps, and most of them are quite happy and contented as they are.

Even on a dark night, when there were no stars to be seen, the lamp was not happy, for it was still always thinking about the star, and it nearly forgot to shine sometimes after the lamplighter had lit it. "What a poor light that lamp gives," said the policeman one night, stopping to look up at it. "It's the worst in the street. Yes, the worst in the street. I must speak to the lamplighter about it."

Just then little Lucy came along the street with her mother. She waited on the doorstep for a moment and said, "See mother! There is my dear little lamp. Isn't it pretty? It shines so brightly through the dining-room window that I can often see to read by its light if I sit in the window seat. From my bedroom window up above I can still see its light on the panes. I call it my 'star' because it is so bright." Then she ran into the house and closed the door.

The lamp at once began to shine as it had never shone before. "I am little Lucy's star," it said. "I *am* a star, after all. How happy I feel! I wouldn't be a star up there for anything. I'm sure no one could ever see to read by *their* light."

It shone and shone so brightly on to the policeman's helmet that he stopped to look at it again.

“ Hello,” he said, “ you’re all right, after all. I expect it must have been all my fancy. You’re as bright as daylight, you are.” “ As bright as daylight ! ” thought the lamp, “ why, that’s *far*, far better than any star I ever heard of,” and it twinkled with delight.

Little Candle by my Bed

Little Candle by my Bed

Andante

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Lit - tle can - dle by my bed, When I lay my". The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with a slight rise in pitch towards the end of the phrase.

Lit - tle can - dle by my bed, When I lay my

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wea - ry head On my pil - low ev - ery night,". The piano part includes some arpeggiated chords and moving lines in both hands.

wea - ry head On my pil - low ev - ery night,

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "Thank you, can - dle, for your light." The melody ends with a final quarter note, and the piano accompaniment provides a simple harmonic conclusion.

Thank you, can - dle, for your light.

Little Candle by my Bed

Air : "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may "

LITTLE candle by my bed,
When I lay my weary head
On my pillow every night,
Thank you, candle, for your light.

Yes, I know that watch you keep
Over me whilst I'm asleep,
Through the darkness of the room,
Shining starlike in the gloom.

In the street, far down below
Stand the gas lamps in a row,
Beaming, beaming cheerfully,
Through the window up at me.

When the sun has said "good-bye,"
And has vanished from the sky,
Comes the lampman with his stick
Lights them all up, oh, so quick !

Sometimes up above me far
I can spy a tiny star.
When the night is clear and fine,
Like a jewel, see it shine !

Then I often wish I were
Shining like that star up there ;
Looking down on earth at you,
Twinkle, twinkle, all night through !

When the sky is covered o'er
I can see the stars no more ;
But I'm not afraid one bit,
When I see the lamps are lit.

Mother pulls the curtains tight,
Shutting out their friendly light,
Though the room is very dark,
Still I see the candle's spark.

The Proud Worm

THERE was once a worm which was very fat and long. It was very proud of being such a fine worm, and often thought: "How glad I am that I am not like other worms. Not one of my friends is half as beautiful as I am!"

Because it was so proud, the other worms in the garden did not like this worm very much, and often left it to wriggle and play by itself.

The proud worm did not mind this at all. Like so many of those who are vain and consider themselves better than others, it thought the whole world admired it. But worms are not proud, as a rule. They are much too busy wriggling to think of anything else.

In the same garden lived a family of thrushes; Papa, Mamma and four little ones. They lived in a beautiful nest—they thought it was beautiful at any rate—which was bran new and held them quite comfortably.

Mr Thrush was a very busy bird, and went out to business every day. He did not go down

town to an office as so many papas have to do, but flew around looking for food for his little ones, who were *always* hungry. As fast as he brought them food they swallowed it down and then cried out, "More, more!" There was no satisfying them.

"Really, my dear," said Mr Thrush one day to his wife, "really, my dear, I am quite tired out. These children of ours seem to have very large appetites. I do nothing but bring food all day long, and they give me no rest."

"They don't eat more than other little birds," replied Mrs Thrush. "You bring them such *very* small, thin worms. If you *could* find two or three really fat ones!"

"Fat worms?" exclaimed Mr Thrush. "I don't believe there are any fat worms. I can't find any, and I can find worms—if they are to be found—better than any bird in the garden. Ah, in the old days, when I was young, there were worms big enough to feed a whole family! I can't think what's become of them!" And he flew off again in quite a bad temper.

"Look out!" said the worms one to another, "there's that great, ugly bird flying around again; he's after us!" So they wriggled down out of sight as fast as ever they could.

Mr Thrush was beginning to feel very hungry. During the past week he had scarcely had a minute to get a meal for himself, and he could not sleep at night, through worrying about where all the worms had disappeared to.

He hopped about the lawn, hoping that perhaps some scraps would be thrown out from the dining-room window, but the people inside were much too busy to think about him.

“This is too much of a good thing!” he thought to himself. “These impertinent sparrows snap up all the little tit-bits, and seem to think the whole garden belongs to them. In my young days, a sparrow wouldn’t have dared to come on to the lawn at all.”

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The proud worm was prouder than ever to-day. It watched all the other worms disappear, but did not follow their example. “I am so big and beautiful,” it said, “they are all jealous of me. I am the Emperor of the Worms,” and it wriggled proudly in the sunshine.

Suddenly it saw a great shadow on the flower-bed. Mr Thrush was just ready to pounce! “I think I had better go and see what the others are doing,” thought the worm, feeling just a little bit afraid, and it commenced to wriggle underground.

But it was so fat that it could not wriggle fast like the other worms, and it had not time to get right down, for it felt a sudden pull ! This was Mr Thrush, who had tight hold of the other end in his beak.

One ! two ! three ! how he pulled ; and oh, how heavy the worm was ! He grew so tired at last that he nearly gave up in despair.

Twenty ! thirty ! at last with a “ plop ! ” up came the worm quite suddenly—and “ flop ! ” down backward fell Mr Thrush with it in his beak.

“ Goodness gracious ! ” he said, “ how am I going to carry this monster home. I never in all my life saw such a fat worm. It must have been fattening up for weeks and weeks. Well, here goes ! ” and picking it up he started for home. What a long way it seemed ; he thought he would *never* get there.

Mrs Thrush looked out of her nest and had just begun to say, “ Dear, dear ; how dreadfully late you are ! ”—when she caught sight of the worm and could not say another word, so astonished was she !

At last she flew down, and together they managed to carry it up to the nest. All the little birds thought it must be papa’s birthday,

for this was a birthday dinner worm, and no mistake ! They had a great feast, as you may easily imagine, and the little thrushes were not really hungry again for days and days.

They all declared that they had never enjoyed a worm so much before. If the proud worm could have heard them say this, it would have been prouder than ever !

Father is looking for Breakfast

Air: "Es regnet auf der Brücke"

{ My lit-tle ones are wait-ing for food to eat;
I hear them softly chirp-ing, "Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet."

Lit-tle worms are all in bed, Lit-tle birds must all be fed; I

hear them softly chirp-ing, "Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet."

MY little ones are waiting for food to eat;
I hear them softly chirping, "Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet."
Little worms are all in bed,
Little birds must all be fed;
I hear them softly chirping, "Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet."

Now mother says, "Oh, father, do please make haste,
Hop and hop and peep about, no time to waste."

Little worms are all in bed,

Little birds must all be fed;

Hop and hop and peep about—no time to waste.

I cannot catch a single one—howe'er I try.
 The little worms lie snugly hid ; they are so shy.
 Little worms are all in bed,
 Little birds must all be fed,
 Little worms lie snugly hid ; they are so shy.

The dew is on the flowers ; the sun is bright,
 Yet everywhere I look around—no worm in sight.
 Little worms are all in bed,
 Little birds must all be fed,
 Yet everywhere I look around—no worm in sight.

Oh, little worms, it's time now to come and play,
 The night is past and gone, and it is day.
 Little worms get out of bed,
 Little birds must all be fed.
 The night is past and gone, and it is day.

Ah, now I hear them coming ; one, two and three !
 Oh, such very tiny worms, they won't suit me.
 Big, fat worms are all in bed,
 Little birds must all be fed,
 Oh, such very tiny worms, they won't suit me.

Oh, here's a fat and curly one !—I have him fast,
 And to my nest I fly away ; breakfast at last !
 Big, fat worms are out of bed,
 So my chicks will all be fed,
 To my nest I fly away ; breakfast at last.

The House that Woke Up

THE house was quite empty. It stood at the corner of the street all by itself, and on the railings was a board which said "TO LET" in large white letters. It seemed as if it were dead or else fast asleep.

Its windows were black with dirt, and several panes of glass were broken. The front door had not been painted for a long, long time, and looked like you do when you have forgotten to wash your face properly. The mice ran squeaking about the floors of the empty rooms ; the doors and windows creaked and rattled, and the wind howled down the chimneys.

It was a sad sight, for the poor house grew dirtier and dirtier every day. At night all the other houses looked so cheerful with the firelight dancing and flickering on their red and green blinds ; but this poor house looked sadder than ever, for no one cared about it.

You could a'lmost hear it crying, " Please, won't someone come and live in me ? I am so

lonely. I have such lovely rooms, and they are all empty as empty can be."

At last, one day, something wonderful happened. The board with TO LET upon it was taken down, and quite a number of people came down the street and were as busy as busy could be inside and outside the house.

There was washing, scrubbing, painting, papering, mending, hammering, shouting all day long for many days. Soon the windows shone as brightly as diamonds ; the front door was painted fresh and green as the greenest grass, and a beautiful brass knocker winked at the sun and almost asked you to knock "rap, rap" and step inside the house. Such pretty curtains too, whiter and cleaner than any curtains in the whole street !

Along came one, two, yes, three vans full of furniture ; chairs, tables, beds, pictures, carpets ; all the things you can think of ; and last of all, in a cab, father, mother, nurse, the three children, Towser the woolly black dog, with his tail going "thump, thump" for joy all the time, and Chirps, the canary, in its cage, singing like six canaries all at once.

How pleased and cheerful the house looked now. Upstairs and downstairs you could hear

the sound of feet. "Pit, pat, pitter, patter," that was the children. "Trip, trip, trip," that was mother. "Clump, clump, clump," that was father; and mother said all the time, without stopping to take breath, "Do wipe your feet on the mat before you come upstairs."

Such a fire in the kitchen! How it roared up the chimney. You should have seen Cook, with a face as round and red as the setting sun, cooking away for dear life.

Such delicious smells too, which curled round and round through the kitchen door and up the stairs right into the bedrooms. Towser sniffed and sniffed, and at last sat up and begged, he was so anxious for his supper; and the hurry and excitement of moving into a new house had made them all ever so hungry.

In the dining-room the soft lamp light shone on the pretty curtains, and people passing by in the street said, "Oh, they must be cosy in there! What a jolly house!"

One by one the lights went out, and soon all the family were fast asleep, including Towser, who slept on the mat outside his master's door, and dreamt he was enjoying the largest and sweetest bone he had ever gnawed in all his life. Little mice scampered and scuttled

up and down the passages, carrying the news to their friends and relations that a family of human beings had come to live in the house, and that there was, oh, quite the most enticing cheese and dripping in the larder you had ever seen in all your born days.

The house stirred softly in its sleep. If you have ever been awake at night, long after everybody else was fast asleep, you will know what I mean. Houses go to sleep at night just as we do; so if you suddenly hear creakings and groanings you need not be afraid. It is only the house dreaming.

The children woke up very early next morning, jumped out of bed, and ran helter skelter down the passage to tell Father and Mother—in case they had forgotten—that they were in a new house since yesterday. But Father was up already; you could hear him whistling that jolly tune the pirates sing in “Peter Pan”—

“Avast! belay! Yo Ho! Heave Ho!
A pirating we go——”

He was the right kind of father, who takes his family to “Peter Pan” and the pantomime every year and never forgets. He had already begun to shave, and if you were *very* good, he allowed you to rub a little of the sweet-smelling, frothy soap

on to your cheek, and then have it gently shaved off. This did not happen every morning, of course ; it was a special treat, like almonds and raisins after grown-up dinner, when you were allowed to sit up just half an hour longer in your best clothes.

After the shaving was over, came a rush to the bathroom. A monster bath ! Towser sat by the side of it, and banged his tail on the floor as much as to say, " Well, well ! fancy wanting a bath every morning ! If there were sticks to be fetched out of the water, I could understand it. No thank you—not for me ! "

Nurse was nearly bothered out of her life this morning ; every one was so anxious to get dressed quickly and start exploring the new house. Downstairs the three children rushed. Billy got there first, but it wasn't really fair, for he slid down the banisters, and Dolly and Kate couldn't follow his example—for little girls aren't allowed to slide, though they would like to just as much as boys.

Billy nearly choked over his egg, he was in such a hurry ; so, at last, Mother said, " Now you must all sit quite still until Father has finished, and then you can look over the house with him."

“ Oh, Father, *do* be quick ! ” they all cried together, and Father pretended to want *just* one more cup of tea, and *just* one more slice of toast in order to tease them. But they knew his tricks and ways, and gave him no peace, until at last he said, “ It’s no use ; I’m as hungry as forty hunters, but I suppose I must starve to death because these selfish children won’t let me have my breakfast. If I fall down and faint, you’ll know the reason why.” Of course this was only his fun, for he had already eaten two eggs and a heap of other things, besides toast and marmalade.

So off they set to explore the house. “ Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady’s chamber ! ” sang Father, leading the way and playing all kinds of tricks just as if he weren’t grown-up at all. Once he pretended to lose his way in the cellar. That was dreadful, for it was very dark and they weren’t quite sure whether he was really making fun or not.

“ Do you think Mother will send out a search-party to look for us ? ” he said. “ Anyway, old Towser would probably find us in a day or two.” Then seeing that Kate looked as if she were going to cry, he took her up on his shoulder and pretended, all of a sudden, to remember where the

lost door was. Then up into the kitchen where they found Mother ordering dinner ; Towser, with his nose through the pantry door, wondering if there were any scraps there for him, and Cook saying, " Drat that dog, I can't keep him away from the pantry one minute ! "

Towser joined the expedition, and up they went, through room after room, until they reached the attic. Here Father stopped, with his hand on the door, and waited quite a minute without saying a word. Towser flopped down on the floor and prepared to go to sleep.

Then lo and behold ! there was Mother, who had come upstairs so quietly that they hadn't heard her. " How are we going to get into the Magic Cave ? " Father asked. " And what shall we find when we get there ? " " I don't believe it's a magic cave at all," said Billy. " Well, those who *don't* believe don't come in ; that's the punishment for not believing," replied Father solemnly. " All right, I *do* believe ; I do, really," cried Billy, and the two little girls danced up and down, first on one leg and then on the other in their excitement.

" Ha ! I have it ! " said Father, and he knocked three times on the door and cried, " Open Sesame ! " Then the door opened as if by itself.

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“ Dear me ! ” said the House to itself, “ what is happening ? I am having the most extraordinary dreams, just like the old, old, happy days. Ah, me ! ” it sighed softly, for it had given up all hope of ever waking again.

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The children stood for a moment by the open door, almost afraid to go into the room, for Father looked so solemn, and Mother had such a queer smile. Then Father put his head round the corner of the door and said, “ Is Mr Ali Baba at home, or Jack the Giant Killer ?—Oh, they’re out ! Dear, dear ; well, I suppose we’d better come in and wait,” and in he went, as bold as bold could be, and Mother followed him with the children and Towser.

For a moment they stood quite, quite still without saying a word. Then Billy suddenly gave a whoop of delight, and Father, seizing both his hands, danced round and round with him, laughing as if it were the finest joke in the whole world.

You *never* saw such a room ! It was very long, but not very high. The floor was covered with a very pretty green linoleum ; the walls were painted the same colour down to about where your head could reach, if you stood up

straight against it and didn't tip-toe. Right round the room, on this lower part of the wall, there was a beautiful paper, with pictures of all the people out of your favourite stories on it, from Red Riding Hood to Aladdin ; as well as soldiers, sailors, all kinds of animals like those you can see in the Zoo, aeroplanes, steam-engines ; everybody and everything in fact. At each end of the room there was a large cupboard full of the children's toys ; in addition, there was a swing for the little girls, and for Billy a motor-car, which you worked with your feet like a bicycle.

" I say, this is as good as any magic cave ! " cried Billy. Dolly and Kate were already hard at work swinging, and Towser was anxiously watching them out of the corner of his eye, hoping that he wasn't expected to join in this game. Mother laughed and said, " I am so glad you like our little surprise. You wouldn't think it was the same room now. It felt as if it had been shut up and fallen fast asleep for years when we came into it the first time."

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" What a strange dream ! " thought the House. " How sweet to think of children playing up in my old attic. And a dog too ! Just the very thing to keep me wide awake. I wish this dream

could go on for ever." And it sighed once again.

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"What funny noises there are in this house," said Billy to Nurse as he was being tucked up for the night. "Now, don't you go getting silly ideas into your head, Master Billy," replied Nurse severely. "*I* don't hear any noises, more than what one hears in any house."

"Who's that talking about noise?" said Father coming in at the door. "There's been noise enough to-day to satisfy everybody, I should say. Poor Father is feeling quite worn out. Off to sleep with you!" Billy snuggled down in bed, and in a few minutes was far away in the Land of Dreams, chasing elephants and tigers on his sixty miles an hour motor-car!

But it was quite true; there were strange noises in the house. Even Nurse, before going to bed, said in a whisper to Cook, "Can it be that the house is haunted?" She had just been reading a most exciting story in pink paper covers, which cost only one penny, and told all about dukes and duchesses and the haunted houses in which they live.

"Haunted fiddlesticks!" replied Cook. "It's only because it's a strange house, that's all."

You won't notice any noises in a day or two. You'll be quite accustomed to them by then. I'm too sleepy to bother about noises. Good night ! ”

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The moon shone in through the windows of the house, and seemed to wink at the little mice, who were very busy having a party.

The House still dreamt beautiful dreams, but it was very restless in its sleep, and Nurse woke up once or twice on hearing strange noises, then quickly pulled the bed-clothes over her head and dozed off again. Even Towser seemed to hear something and growled in his dreams.

The House was slowly waking up from its long sleep.

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The next morning the sky was blue as blue could be. The sun shone with dazzling radiance, and Chirps, the canary, sang a song of welcome over and over again in delight at such a fine day. Towser barked, “ You'll take me for a walk into the park after breakfast, won't you ? ” and everybody felt as happy as one ought to feel on a very fine day.

The House was growing more wide awake every minute. One after another all the window-

blinds went up; the warm sun shone into all the rooms facing it, and suddenly the House knew that it was no longer a dream, but that it was all really happening.

"Somebody's taken that old house at last," said a man who was passing by, to his friend. "A good thing too; it was getting quite a disgrace," replied the other.

"Dear me!" thought the House, "fancy me being thought a disgrace. I do hope this new family will take great care of me. Now I come to think of it, I certainly feel as if I had been papered and painted all over. Yes, I certainly must have been. How delightful! How delightful!"

Every one admired the house. The postman could hardly bear to let go of the bright brass knocker; what a delightful "rat-tat-tat!" it gave, far better than any other knocker in the street. The butcher's boy actually stopped whistling for a moment to look up at its shining window-panes and say, "My eye, that's a fine house!"

The House listened with delight to every word that was said about it, and when the children and Towser came racing home from the park, it smiled so cheerfully that they all stopped to

look at it for a moment before going in. “ What a jolly house we’ve got ! ” they all said.

The House smiled out of every window for joy ; the smoke leapt up from its chimneys in great curly rings. “ How glad I am ! How glad I am ! ” sang the House which had awakened into life again.

To Let

To Let

Andante con moto

Up and down the street . . , To and fro all day,

The first system of musical notation for the song 'To Let'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Up and down the street . . , To and fro all day,' are written below the staff.

Little children's feet . . . Passing on their way.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Little children's feet . . . Passing on their way.' are written below the staff.

Happy, happy voi - - ces, Sounds of mirth and glee ;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Happy, happy voi - - ces, Sounds of mirth and glee ;' are written below the staff.

Every one re - joi - - ces, Ne'er a thought for me.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'Every one re - joi - - ces, Ne'er a thought for me.' are written below the staff.

To Let

Air: "Au clair de la lune"

UP and down the street,
To and fro all day,
Little children's feet
Passing on their way.
Happy, happy voices,
Sounds of mirth and glee ;
Every one rejoices,
Ne'er a thought for me.

Hark ! the wind is roaring !
Listen to the rain,
Pitter—patter—pouring
Through the broken pane.
Empty rooms so dreary ;
Dismal, dark and wet,
Still I'm waiting, weary ;
Still I am To Let.

Will there come hereafter
Steps upon the stair ?
Song and merry laughter
Echoing in the air ?
Will the firelight gleaming
Bright—and oh, so red,
Show me children dreaming
Fast asleep in bed ?

The Street that led to Nowhere

ELIZA was a wilful girl; this means that she liked to have her own way in everything. If Mother said, "It's raining, dear; don't go out!" out of doors ran Eliza and got wet through—just because she wouldn't do as she was told.

If there was something good for dinner she used to turn up her nose, sulk, and push her plate away. When Mother told her to be in time for school, Eliza was always late. Oh, she was a naughty girl!

One morning the sun was shining brightly; the sky was blue, and Eliza started off for school. At first she walked along quickly; then she went slower and slower, and at last stopped still. "I *won't* go to school," she said. "I won't. I don't want to work. I'm going to play."

She made up her mind to go into the park, where there were swings, and ponds where swans and ducks were swimming about, and all manner of delightful things. So she turned round and went down a quiet little street which looked as if it led to the park.

She walked along and she walked along, and just as she thought she had come to the end of the street, it gave a little twist and went round a corner. Round the corner went Eliza, and walked along and walked along. Soon the street gave another twist and went round another corner.

Eliza went round that corner too, but, by and by, there was another corner, and then suddenly the street came to an end and didn't go any farther. "Dear me," thought Eliza, "this street is just like the letter S. I must walk back again and try another way."

So she walked along and she walked along, and the sun grew hotter and hotter. "I seem to be coming round to the same place all the time," said Eliza after walking for some minutes. "What is the matter with this street? It goes round and round like the letter O. I must try once more."

So she walked and walked, and now the sun was very, very hot and Eliza was very, very cross. The street wouldn't go straight, however, but just twisted and twisted. Sometimes it was like a C, sometimes like a D or a W or an X, but it always came to an end and led to nowhere.

Eliza was very hungry and thirsty; her boots were dusty, and she wanted to cry. At last she sat down on the side of the pavement and

really did cry. "I shall never get home again. I shall have to walk up and down this horrid, twisting street for ever and ever. Oh, if I could only find my way home! I will never, never be disobedient again!"

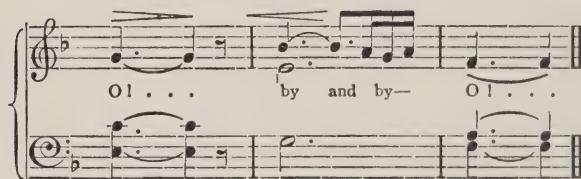
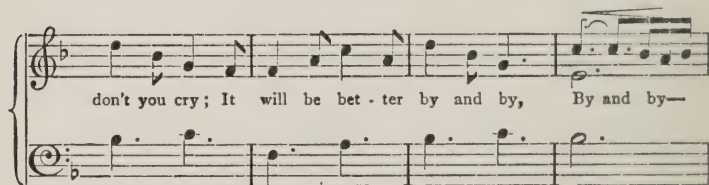
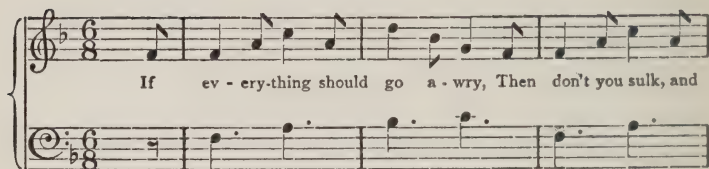
She got up, wiped her eyes, and walked along slowly. Oh, how tired she felt! "I do believe the street is going *quite* straight this time," she thought, and began to walk more quickly. Then she began to run. Sure enough, the street went as straight as the letter I, and that is the straightest letter in the whole alphabet.

"Why, here's the end!" cried Eliza. Where was she? At the door of her own house, to be sure! It was just dinner-time too, and she felt as if she hadn't eaten anything for a whole week. She ran quickly indoors, and Mother, when she heard the story, smiled and said, "You have been in the crooked street that leads to Nowhere, my child, and that's where all naughty children find themselves if they don't do as they are told."

"I'm not naughty any longer, Mother dear," said Eliza. "I shall always go down the straight street that leads to Somewhere." So after dinner, Eliza went off to school and got there in time; and she has never—well, hardly ever—been late since then.

Now, Mind!

Now, Mind !

Air: "The Scarecrow"

IF everything should go awry,
 Then don't you sulk, and don't you cry ;
 It will be better by and by,
 By and by—O! by and by—O!

If you will do as you are told,
 And always be as good as gold,
 Poor mother will not have to scold,
 Scold—O! scold—O!

And Father will not frown and say :
 " You have been naughty all the day,
 Now go to bed ; you shall not play,
 Play . . . O. Play . . . O !

It's nice, I know, when it is fine,
 To laugh and play in the sunshine,
 And not be in your school at nine,
 Nine . . . O. Nine . . . O !

Take care ! Unless your steps you heed,
 You'll find the Crooked Street will lead
 To Nowhere ; then you're lost indeed,
 Indeed . . . O. Indeed . . . O !

Too late, alas, to turn again,
 You walk and walk—but all in vain,
 For you are lost ; that is *quite* plain,
 Plain . . . O. Plain . . . O !

Go always straight as straight can be,
 Work hard and always cheerfully,
 And then you'll live right happily,
 Happily . . . O. Happily . . . O !

Why?

PRISCILLA was a little girl who had a nose as sharp as a needle. She wore her hair in two long pig-tails, and always walked about with her head in the air.

Priscilla liked to know everything about everybody, and was never tired of asking questions. At first her father and mother were very pleased to find that their little daughter wanted to know so much, but as she grew older they began to get tired of always hearing her ask "Why?"

"Take your umbrella with you to-day, dear," her mother would say. "Why?" Priscilla would answer. "Because it looks like rain." "Why does it look like rain?"

"It's time for little girls to go to bed," father would say, looking at the clock. "Why?" Priscilla used to ask. "Because it is not good for little girls to sit up late." "Why isn't it good for little girls to sit up late?"

Her nose grew sharper and sharper every day, and looked as if it wanted to poke into everything. She asked questions all day long, and

often, when she woke up in the morning, the first word she said was "Why?"

As she ran down the road to school or played with her little friends in the playground, her two pig-tails, with a bow of ribbon at the end of each, flapping behind her, looked something like this—??—which is another way of asking "why?"

At last, even the cat ran away whenever she tried to stroke it. Perhaps it was afraid of a large Y dropping out of Priscilla's mouth every time she opened it.

Very soon Priscilla found that nobody wanted to talk to her at all, and she went about wondering "why?" Her mother tried to stop her—but it was not a bit of good.

One day she was walking down the street, and stopped to look at a cart which was laden with coal. Two men were working very hard, carrying sacks from the cart and emptying the coal down a large, round hole in the pavement.

"Take care, missie," said one of them, "don't go too near or you'll fall down into the coal cellar." "Why?" asked Priscilla, taking a step backward—then, before you could say "snap," down she fell through the hole right into the deep, dark coal cellar.

When she was pulled out again she was as

black as *black* can be! Not a little bit of her was left clean. "Oh, what a dreadful little sweep you look!" said her mother, half laughing and half crying, when Priscilla was brought home again.

Priscilla's eyes, nose, ears and mouth were full of coal dust, but—"Why?" she asked.

I expect she is still saying "why?" though she is now quite tall, has her hair up and wears a large hat and beautiful silk dresses.

The Magic Words

The Magic Words

Don't say "Why . . . ?" It is not po-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Magic Words'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

lite. The hard - est thing in the world, they say, Is

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

not to ask questions but to obey, If you're told to do something, you

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ought to say . . . "Yes," not "Why?"

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The melody ends with a double bar line in the treble staff, and the accompaniment also ends with a double bar line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The Magic Words

Air: "Three Blind Mice"

DON'T say "Why." It is not polite.
The hardest thing in the world, they say,
Is not to ask questions but to obey.
If you're told to do something, you ought to say
"Yes"—not "Why"?

Don't say "What?" Oh, that *is* rude!
If you keep on saying "What, what?" you know,
Your mouth will ugly, so ugly grow,
Until it looks just like a big potato.
Don't say "What?"

Don't say "Shan't,"—that is much worse,
If you do, ere long you're sure to be
As cross as cross as two sticks, dear me!
And that is a sight we do *not* like to see.
Don't say "Shan't."

"If you please,"—don't forget "thank you."
Two magic words—keep them in mind;
The world will grow better, you'll always find,
If you are well mannered, contented and kind.
If you please!

What the Bells Say

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle, tang, tang, tang !
Tinkle, tinkle, tang !” sang the school bell as it swung to and fro. Oh, it *was* in such a hurry to let all the children hear it. “Hurry — hurry — hurry — hurry !” it tinkled, “don’t-be-late, don’t-be-late ; tinkle, tang, tang !” It was quite a small bell, but small things often make the most noise. “Tang, tang, ting !” — then it stopped, for it was time for school to begin.

Suddenly, “clang—clang !” went the bell of the tram-car. “Clang, clang !” It was a beautiful brass bell, and was kept very busy ringing all day long and never had any time to rest.

“Clang, clang ! Get-out-of-my-way ! Hallo-there, hallo, hallo, clang, clang !” it cried as the tram-car came “whizz ” down the long street.

“Tong, tong !” said the bell for dinner, “don’t be long ; listen, listen to my song ! Potatoes and pudding, pudding, potatoes, potatoes, potatoes,

potatoes!" and it got quite as hot as the dinner with ringing so loudly.

"Boom!" cried the bell in the great tower of the Town Hall. "Boom, boom! Ha, ha, ha! Boom, boom! What a fine bell I am! Boom, bim, bim, boom! . . . I ring . . . on the birthday . . . of the King and Queen . . . and the Prince of Wales . . . God bless them! . . . Boom! Boom! BOOM!"

Oh, it *was* a fine bell, and no mistake! It had a great tongue as long as your arm and longer. You could scarcely hear yourself speak when it rang. It was always so good tempered and merry that it made you feel quite glad to hear it.

"Tink, tink, tink!" What a tiny bell! It hung over the door of the shop where you bought brandy balls, toffee, caramels—very nice and sticky—peppermint, ah! and chocolate in sticks or drops; both are very good—but the creamy kind is the very best of all.

"Tink, tink, tink! Four a penny, four a penny, tink, tink, tink! Come and buy, come and buy, tink, tink . . . tink!" It was very busy on Saturdays, was that little bell, and often had very little to do on other days—except on birthdays, Bank holidays, and at Christmas.

Hark to that sweet peal of bells! They live in the church tower, quite a family of them.

“ Ring-ding-a-ring! Ring-ding-a-ring!
Ring-ding-a-ring! Ring-ding-a-ring!
This is the blessed Sabbath day,
Good folk to church now come and pray!
Hear how we ring, ding-ding-a-ring,
Ding-ding-a-ring; ding-ring-a-ding!”

Ring-Ding-a-Ring

Ring-Ding-a-Ring

Air: "St Paul's Steeple"

In every steeple in the town The bells swing up, the bells swing down. They

ring in sorrow, ring in mirth, They toll for death and peal for birth. How

glad and joyous they all ring Up - on the day of a wed - ding!

IN every steeple in the town
 The bells swing up, the bells swing down.
 They ring in sorrow, ring in mirth,
 They toll for death and peal for birth.
 How glad and joyous they all ring
 Upon the day of a wedding!

Ding, dong, ding, dong. Ding, dong, ding, dong !
Oh, hearken to their cheerful song !
Upon this blessèd, happy morn
The Christ Child unto us was born,
Who died and rose out of His grave
Poor sinners upon earth to save.

Ring-ding-a-ring, ring-ding-a-ring !
Ring-ding-a-ring, the echoes sing.
And now they softly, softly sigh,
“ ’Tis time for the Old Year to die.
So lift the latch and turn the pin
And let our friend the New Year in ! ”

Pot, Smoke and Fire
or
The Visit of the Brownies

A Little Play

Pot, Smoke and Fire

ACT I

TIME : *Evening.*

SCENE : *The kitchen.*

CHARACTERS—

FATHER. MOTHER. THE CHILDREN.

THE BROWNIES OR HOUSE FAIRIES.

POT. SMOKE. FIRE. WOOD. WATER.

THE CAT. THE CLOCK.

[*The CAT is sitting by the FIRE. The CLOCK strikes five times as MOTHER comes in. She dusts the hearth and strokes the cat, then goes to the cupboard and opens it. She shakes her head on finding nothing there. The Cat follows her.*]

MOTHER. No, pussy dear. There's nothing there. Not even a tiny, tiny scrap. Father will bring us something to eat when he comes home from market.

CAT. Mi-aow ! Mi-aow !

MOTHER. It's time the little ones were home. I do hope they haven't lost their way.

CAT (*goes to door*). Mi-aow ! Mi-aow !

MOTHER. Oh, they're coming, are they ? Run

and tell them to hurry in, pussy. It's too dark for them to be out alone.

[*Cat goes out and comes in again followed by the CHILDREN. They rush up to Mother and kiss her, then dance round in a ring with Pussy.*]

CHILDREN. Tea ! Tea ! We are so hungry !
We want our tea !

MOTHER. There is no tea, dear children.

CHILDREN. No tea ?

MOTHER. We must wait till Father comes home.

CAT. Mi-aow !

[*The Children seat themselves round the table.*]

Action Song

Air : "Was kommt dort von der Höh"

OH, Father's coming home,
Oh, Father's coming home,
Oh, Father's coming, coming home,
Home, home, coming home,
Oh, Father's coming home.

What has he in his sack ?

What has he in his sack ?

What has he in his great, big sack ?

Action Song

Oh, Father's coming Home !

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for two measures, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note Bb4. The piano accompaniment starts with a forte (f) dynamic and consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex pattern in the left hand. The lyrics "Oh, Father's coming" are written below the vocal line.

Oh, Father's coming

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "home, Oh, Father's coming home, Oh, Father's coming,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

home, Oh, Father's coming home, Oh, Father's coming,

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "coming home, Home, home, coming home, Oh, Father's coming home." and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

coming home, Home, home, coming home, Oh, Father's coming home.

Sack, sack, great, big sack,
What has he in his sack ?

He's got some pot-a-toes,
He's got some pot-a-toes,
He's got some lovely pot-a-toes,
Toes, toes, pot-a-toes,
He's got some pot-a-toes.

A great big loaf of bread,
A great big loaf of bread,
A great big loaf of new made bread,
Bread, bread, new made bread,
A great big loaf of bread.

And jam for you and me,
And jam for you and me,
A nice big pot of jam for me,
Me, you, for you and me,
And jam for you and me.

And milk for pussy too,
And milk for pussy too,
And milk for thirsty pussy too,
Too, too, for pussy too,
And milk for pussy too.

And tea for mother dear,
And tea for mother dear,
A pound of tea for mother dear,
Dear, dear, mother dear,
And tea for mother dear.

Oh, father, hurry back,
Oh, father, hurry back,
Oh, father, hurry, scurry back,
Back, back, scurry back,
Oh, father, hurry back.

[*Enter FATHER with a sack.*]

[*Children get up and dance round him singing,*

"Oh, Father, hurry back."]

MOTHER. Well, you're home at last !

CHILDREN. Father's home at last !

CAT. Mi-aow ! Mi-aow !

FATHER (*rubbing his head*). Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !

MOTHER. What's the matter ?

CHILDREN. What's the matter ?

FATHER. I tumbled off the old mare. . . .

MOTHER. Tumbled off the old mare ?

CHILDREN. Tumbled off the old mare ?

FATHER. And broke everything in the sack !

CHILDREN. Everything in the sack is broken !

MOTHER. Then there's nothing to eat.

FATHER. Nothing to eat.

CHILDREN. Oh, Father, nothing to eat !

Action Song

Oh, Father rode from Market!

Air: "Marlbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre"*Larghetto*

Oh, Fa-ther rode from mar-ket, Jog, jog, jog, a-jog,

jog, jog, Oh, Fa-ther rode from mar-ket Up - on his old grey

mare, Up - on his old grey mare, Up - on his old grey mare.

OH, Father rode from market,
Jog, jog, jog, jog, a-jog, jog, jog,
Oh, Father rode from market
Upon his old grey mare,
Upon his old grey mare,
Upon his old grey mare.

The mare began to gallop,
Lop, lop, lop, lop, a-lop, lop, lop,
The mare began to gallop
As fast as she could go. *[Repeat as above.]*

Then Father, he cried, " Stop, stop,
Stop, stop, stop, stop, a-stop, stop, stop ! "
Then Father, he cried, " Stop, stop ! "
For off his hat did blow.

Then through the stream she stumbled,
Slip, slop, slip, slop, a-slip, slop, slop,
Then through the stream she stumbled,
Poor Father got so wet.

Then through the prickly hedge,
Crick, crack, crick, crack, a-crack, crack, crack,
Then through the prickly hedge,
Which scratched poor Father's nose.

Down fell the great big sack, sack,
Plop, plop, plop, plop, a-plop, plop, plop,
Down fell the great big sack, sack,
Plop, right into the mud.

And Father fell on top,
Top, top, top, top, on top, top, top,
And Father fell on top,
The mare she ran away.

[*Clock strikes.*]

FATHER. Time to go to bed, children !

CHILDREN. We want our tea ! We want our tea !

MOTHER. There is nothing to eat, dears. We must go to bed without tea.

FATHER. Perhaps we shall all find something nice for breakfast. Who knows ?

CAT. Mi-aow !

CHILDREN. Put the sack down, father. Perhaps the Brownies will bring us something.

MOTHER. Perhaps, if you're very, very good, they will. Now, off to bed.

What Says the Clock?

Song

What Says the Clock ?

Andante

What says the clock? It's time to go to bed now. What says the

p

clock? Sleep soundly, children dear. Tick, tock, tick, tock; sleep on till to-

morrow, Sleep and sweet dreams will drive away sorrow.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano part begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'What says the clock? It's time to go to bed now. What says the clock? Sleep soundly, children dear. Tick, tock, tick, tock; sleep on till to-morrow, Sleep and sweet dreams will drive away sorrow.' The piano accompaniment includes a variety of chords and melodic lines, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the first system.

Song

What Says the Clock ?

Air: "The London Waits"

*Repeat refrain before and
after each verse.*

WHAT says the clock ? It's time to go to bed now.
What says the clock ? Sleep soundly, children
dear.

Tick, tock, tick, tock ; sleep on till to-morrow,
Sleep and sweet dreams will drive away sorrow.

What says the clock ? It's time to go to bed now.
What says the clock. Sleep soundly, children dear.

Tick, tock, tick, tock, whilst you are all sleeping,
Tick, tock, tick, tock, safe watch I am keeping.

Fast fly the hours ; 'twill soon be the morning,
When I strike five, the day will be dawning,

Ki-keri-ki ! oh, hear the cock crying ;
Morning is come ; the night is now dying.

Ki-keri-ki, the noise he is making ;
Children get up ; 'tis time you were waking.

[Children go off slowly, singing last verse.]

The Song of the Brownies

Moderato

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked *Moderato*. The score is divided into three systems, each with three staves. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a prominent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano).

ACT II

TIME: *Night*

[The BROWNIES enter, and set to work to tidy up the room as usual. The opening bars of music, "Oh where and oh where," are played softly, whilst they are at work. After each verse they run about in great haste looking for tea things, etc.]

The Song of the Brownies

Air: "Oh where and oh where"

OH where and oh where are the little ones gone ?
Oh where, oh where can they be ?
The cupboard is empty and food there is none,
Oh where, oh where can they be ?

The fire is out and the room is so cold,
It's cold as cold as can be,
Whatever has happened, I'm sure I don't know,
But the children have not had their tea.

Oh where, etc. [Repeat as above.]

Oh where and oh where is the pussy cat gone ?
Oh where, oh where can she be ?
Her saucer is empty and milk there is none,
Oh where, oh where can she be ?

They're hungry, so hungry, poor little dear things,
They're hungry as hungry can be ;
In their beds they are sleeping, oh sleeping so sound,
They are dreaming they're sitting at tea.

Oh where, etc. [Repeat as above.]

136 Pot, Smoke and Fire; or

Oh where and oh where are the tea things all gone ?

Oh where, oh where can they be ?

The cupboard is empty, and food there is none,

Oh where, oh where can they be ?

Oh where, etc.

[*Repeat as above.*]

Now where is the fire and where is the wood ?

And the water—where can they be ?

Come quickly, come quickly, come quickly to work

And make the dear children their tea.

Oh where, etc.

[*Repeat as above.*]

FIRST BROWNIE (*calls*). Pot ! Pot ! where are you, Master Pot ?

POT (*comes from the corner of the hearth*). Here I am, Master. What do you want ?

FIRST BROWNIE. Pot ! Why do you not boil ? Do you know that the poor, dear children have gone to bed without their tea ?

POT. Boil ? How can I boil, Master ? I must have water inside me before I can boil.

SECOND BROWNIE. Water ! Water ! Where are you, Water ?

WATER (*running on*). Here I am ! Here I am ! Siss-siss-siss . . . Can't you hear me running ?

SECOND BROWNIE. Water ! Why don't you help the Pot to boil ?

WATER. How can I boil? I must have Fire to make me boil.

THIRD BROWNIE. Fire, Fire! Come here, Fire!

FIRE. Well, here I am. What is your will?

THIRD BROWNIE. Set to work quickly and help the Pot and Water.

FIRE. I'm nearly out, I can't do anything unless Wood comes to help me.

FOURTH BROWNIE. Wood! Wood! Hurry up! You're wanted!

WOOD. What is all this noise about? Who wants me?

FOURTH BROWNIE. Don't be so lazy. Here are Pot, Fire, and Water all waiting for you to help them with their work.

WOOD (*coughing*). I do my best, but that fellow, Smoke, is always playing tricks, and everybody says it's *my* fault because I won't burn.

BROWNIES. Smoke! Smoke! Where is that wicked Smoke?

SMOKE. That's right. Everybody calls *me* horrid. How would you like to work with Wood when he is all damp and nasty? He should have dried himself properly.

FIRST BROWNIE. Well, we can't have this quarrelling. Come, set to work, all of you.

138 Pot, Smoke and Fire ; or

Wood, burn ; Fire, blaze ; Water, boil ; Pot, bubble and make the children some breakfast.

POT. Very well, Master, I will obey you, but what are we to give the children for their breakfast ?

SECOND BROWNIE. Oh, I forgot. There's nothing in the cupboard.

BROWNIES. Poor little children. There's nothing for them to eat.

THIRD BROWNIE. We must find something. Good little children must not go without their breakfast. The Brownies will help them. Quick ! Quick !

[The Brownies run in and out. Pot, Fire, Water, Wood, and Smoke run to the hearth.]

FIRE. I'll dry you, Wood. I'll dry you !

WOOD. Ah ! Ah ! Now I begin to blaze. Do you feel me, Water ?

WATER. Boil, boil, boil ! Can't you hear me ? Can't you hear me, Pot ?

POT. Bubble, bubble, bubble ! Don't talk to me ; I'm busy.

SMOKE. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! See me curl up the chimney. We are all working hard. Hurrah !

[The Brownies lay the table, and bring food, etc.]

BROWNIES. Here are cups and saucers . . . here's a loaf of bread . . . here's some butter . . .

The Visit of the Brownies 139

jam, jam, I've brought some jam . . . I've got the tea . . . where are the eggs ? . . . and some sausages for Father ! . . . Hurrah, now the breakfast's ready.

[*They dance round in a ring to the tune of " Oh where and oh where."* CLOCK strikes twelve. *They run away laughing.*]

ACT III

TIME: *Morning*

[*The CLOCK strikes six. The CHILDREN come in, one by one, rubbing their eyes.*]

Music : " Was kommt dort von der Höh "

CHILDREN. Oh, I *am* so sleepy. . . . Are you sure it's time to get up ? . . . Let's go out and see if we can find some wood. . . . Why, the fire's burning ! . . . the kettle's boiling ! . . . Oh ! oh ! the table's laid for breakfast ! . . . Let me see ! . . . Let me see !

[*They stand round the table almost too astonished to speak. Then all together.*]

The Brownies have been here ! The dear little Brownies !

Song

At Six o'clock in the Morning

Air: " Dame, get up and bake your pies "

The musical score is written for a piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Rub and rub and rub your eyes, Rub your eyes, Rub your eyes,

Rub and rub and rub your eyes, At six o'clock in the morn - ing.

RUB and rub and rub your eyes,
 Rub your eyes,
 Rub your eyes,
 Rub and rub and rub your eyes
 At six o'clock in the morning.

Dear me, such a great surprise,
 Great surprise,
 Great surprise,

Dear me, such a great surprise,
 At six o'clock in the morning.

Brownies surely have been here,
 Have been here,
 Have been here,

Brownies surely have been here,
 At six o'clock in the morning.

See, they've brought us such good cheer,
Such good cheer,
Such good cheer.

See, they've brought us such good cheer
At six o'clock in the morning.

Fire is burning, table's laid,
Table's laid,
Table's laid,
Fire is burning, table's laid
At six o'clock in the morning.

Thank you, Brownies, for your aid,
For your aid,
For your aid,
Thank you, Brownies, for your aid
At six o'clock in the morning.

[*The Children pull their chairs up to the table and seat themselves. The music continues softly until MOTHER enters.*]

MOTHER. What do I see? All the little chicks waiting for breakfast?

CHILDREN. The Brownies have brought us our breakfast! Look, Mother, look!

MOTHER. The pot is boiling and the fire is alight, I declare. How very kind of them! (*Sits.*)

FATHER (*enters*). Well, well, *do* I smell sausages or do I not?

CHILDREN. Yes, yes, large ones, Father!

FATHER. Ah, what did I say. I thought I should find breakfast ready after all. (*Sits.*)

CAT. Mi-aow ! Mi-aow !

MOTHER. Oh, *poor* pussy, we quite forgot you. There's some milk for you. . . . Now, what do you say for your good breakfast, children ?

[*Children sing the last verse of song softly.*]

POT (*suddenly*). Bubble, bubble, bubble !

WOOD. Crackle, crackle, crackle, crackle !

WATER. Hiss-iss-iss-iss !

MOTHER. Dear me, I never knew the pot to boil like that before. I must go and take it off before it boils over. (*Goes to the hearth.*)

FATHER. Now, little ones, clear away the breakfast things, and then we must all go off to work.

[*Children clear table, singing—*]

Air: "Was kommt dort von der Höh"

Oh, father's off to work,
 Oh, father's off to work,
 Oh, father's going off to work,
 Work, work, off to work,
 Oh, father's off to work.

And we are going to school,
 And we are going to school,
 And we are going off to school,
 School, school, off to school,
 And we are going to school.

[*They all go off singing. Soft music continues. Cat sits by the hearth.*]

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WOOD. Pot, Master Pot !

POT. Well, what do you want ?

WOOD. Are you going on boiling all day ?

POT. No, I'm tired, but the stupid Water won't stop.

WATER. Don't scold me ; it's Fire who won't let me rest.

FIRE. All right ; now you can stop. Hullo, Smoke !

SMOKE. Well, what is it ?

FIRE. I'm going to stop work.

SMOKE. Oh, are you ? Very well. Pouf, pouf. Let us all take a rest.

POT. I haven't worked so hard for a long time.

ALL. Oh, we are so tired !

[*Softly and slowly.*]

Oh, now we'll go to sleep,
Oh, now we'll go to sleep,
Oh, now we'll have a nice long sleep,
Sleep, sleep, a nice long sleep,
Oh, now we'll go to sleep.

ALL. Good-night.

CAT. Mi-aow !

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